

THE MONITOR.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1823. NO. 11.

FOR THE MONITOR.

SOME OF THE PRACTICAL EFFECTS OF AN UNRESTRAINED IMAGINATION.

WHOEVER has inspected the operations of his own mind, and passed along the train of its ever-varying feelings, as modified by the remembrance of the past, its views of the present, and anticipation of the future, will find that he has been the sport of constant illusion; that though the eye of his reason may have been refined by science, though he may have gazed on truth till he almost grew to its likeness, he has been more or less deceived by phantoms; though he may have burst from the narrow circle of his own views, and been enlightened by the intelligence of other minds, he has scarce ever caught one glimpse of the naked realities of life. His fancy has either banished truth from his mind, or discoloured it with falsehood;—has thrown glory over all the prospects of life, or arrayed them in horror;—has made brighter the brightness of hope, or added new terrors to the blackness of despair. Fancy has given fascination to the dullness of ordinary scenes, or turned them to repulsive loathing. It has crowded solitude with being, and it has withdrawn the mind from the midst of noise, and occupation, and interest of actual life, to indulge in the reveries of its own creation,—to feed on those emanations of spirit, which go forth from the restless activity of its own power.

The most common illusion, by which it practises on the mind, is the elevation of its hopes to the enjoyment

of future happiness beyond the lot of suffering man. In the dark region of the future, from which a few scattered and wintry gleams of light are thrown on the baffled gaze of mortals, in that chaos of possibilities, of ever-changing, half-shaped contingency, the eye of reason looks in vain for a resting-place; it floats on the vagaries of conjecture, perplexed by the clashing of contrary thoughts, till it sinks down where nothing is, nothing real can be. Not so with the imagination; it is here that breaking loose from the restraints of reason and the tyranny of unyielding fact, where the light of experience cannot follow her, it melts away the midnight of our prospects; it forms scenes of enchanting lustre and beauty, where hope expires in the rapture which nourished it. She builds a fabric of happiness on all future years of life, and as one portion after another of them rolls away, this fabric tumbles, piecemeal, to ruins. She binds together in a robe of joy, the whole succession of future moments, which man in the sober and toilsome progress of life, must unravel, and bind up again in sorrow. What object of human ambition has she not wrapt in illusion? where is the sagacity which she has not eluded? where is the wisdom which she has not taken captive, and equipped herself in its spoils? where is the proud and mighty intelligence, over which she has not held a voluntary, but omnipotent mastery?

Who, among the most stern of all the sons of science, has she not mocked with fantastic dreams? The path of every man, down to the regions of death, is marked with the ruin of withered hopes, and the dissolution of bright prospects. He sometimes looks back and finds the gloom of his track relieved here and there, with the fragments of scattered visions,—luminous spots which guide the lingering memory down his past years, till it is lost in the darkness of his original. What does he do in this pause of reason, when the phantom, which deluded him is broken, when the brightness which dwelt on his vision is extinct, and he sees under it the grave of his happy expectations, like the fleeing away of that glaring and vapoury radiance, which exhales from the rottenness of death? From those gleams of light, which burst on the retrospection of memory, fancy kindles anew her fires; she glows with new fervour, expands into new images of

magnificence, drags down rebellious reason from its throne, and binds it into a reluctant, half-consenting, willing, delightful slavery; he follows her down to the vale of death,—she starts back from the cold, immoveable form of the monarch of dissolution, and flies away forever.

There is always going on a reciprocal agency between the imagination and the passions. It is the action of the former that swells the last to mighty force, and immense magnitude. The great poet of the present day,* is a striking example of this truth. How bitterly does he complain of a soul, scorched and withered by his heart's fire! Other poets can expand their minds to the broad impress of nature, and feel satisfied: but not so with him. He gazes till his whole soul is transfused into the object of his contemplation. He does not rest satisfied till he has breathed his spirit into the cumbrous mass of inert matter, and felt it heave and groan with mental life. He has a restless and insane thirsting after the whole riches of the moral and material world, and an aspiration to enlarge himself to ubiquity. In him is mingled the strongest desire of life, with an utter loathing of every object for which it is worth preservation. Sometimes you see such an intemperate thirst after stimulants to his satiated and over-wrought spirit, that for want of them, he would almost plunge to the centre of hell, and covet every pang of every sufferer there, to send a mightier thrill of sensation through his being.† Who has not felt the power of his imagination? who, when he has encountered some of those strange combinations of words, through which the flashing of his soul escapes to the world, has not had to gather the whole might of his mind, ere he could swell it to grasp the full strength and magnitude of his thought? who, when falling on some of those expressions whose intensity seems to have absorbed the very objects which they designate, has not drank in to overwhelming, ere he could exhaust the bursting fulness of the meaning? What but an imagination wider than the domain, and richer than the forms of universal nature, could frame scenes of such

* Byron. † There is a train of thought here, something similar to one in the Christian Observer, which has been attributed to Chalmers.—Editor.

amazing magnificence, from which there comes on the soul such an overwhelming rush of mighty and awful grandeur? Oh! who would covet the volcano of such a bosom? who would trust his understanding to the control of such tremendous power? whose thoughts would not be scattered to insanity as he tried to gather them round the rage and lightning impulse of his high wrought passion, when this giant spirit was contending with some phantom thrown out from the vast creations of his fancy? So familiar have such majestic visions become to him, that the society of men and the scenery of nature can offer nothing which can beguile him from the misery of his craving appetite. He tramples with proud disdain on the ordinary feelings of men, and his grand and majestic spirit rises over his blasted and withered sensations, like the tall pyramid of the desert, in which the combined influence of power and desolation and sublimity send a deep awe through the spirit. You will sometimes meet with such breathings of intense misery, as will almost make compassion pause in astonishment, and forget to weep. Then comes out mingled rage and sullen defiance against that Almighty mind, who kindled the spark within him, which he cannot quench. Now he would provoke the thunder of Omnipotence, if that thunder could blast him to annihilation. Then comes forth the lofty ardour of a soul exulting in fanatic pride at that distinction of suffering, which would dislodge an ordinary soul from its tabernacle of clay. Now he overflows with such a tenderness of feeling, with such an admiration of heaven, as would almost exhaust your emotion,--- then he pours forth spite, and scorn, and bitterness, at those ties, which connect him with the weakness of humanity.

Take another instance of the operation of imagination on those, who are called fanatics, or enthusiasts. How often has it swept over the moral world with a desolation like that which follows the irresistible course of the whirlwind,--how has it concentrated the whole man to one point, ---how with a firm and giant grasp it seizes and amalgamates the energies of various passion, and aiming at some object, no matter whether great or small, real or unreal, it bursts forth like the flaming ebullition of a volcano, and heating the surrounding mass of mind rolls

on it in a flood of fire and lays in ruins those institutions which the pride of wisdom has reared on the foundation of ages.

If it were not irreverent on such a subject as this, I could mention how Cowper suffered from those delusions which magnified his distress beyond the actual reality of his guilt; how every passage of 'holy writ' spoke damnation to his soul; how every event of his life was a messenger of Almighty vengeance; how he read scorn and loathing in every eye that looked on him; how even the most trifling action of his life assumed a magnitude of iniquity, which outmeasured the guilt of Satan, and rung the thunders of the last sentence in his ears.

Physical derangement affects the imagination when it becomes a source of exquisite suffering. One so affected I have seen, the victim of a causeless sorrow,—causeless, I say, for no guilty remembrance was the secret, which haunted him, no dread of calamity, which weighed him down; but a darkness deep and dreadful, had settled on his understanding; the fearful agony of his countenance bespoke an unknown something, which gnawed within him; the sound of his voice went through you like the tones of despair; his breath was like the sigh and gasp of a death-bed, just at that solemn and dread moment when the soul passes from time into eternity. The healing voice of sympathy he heard not, the distress which met him in the looks of one who felt with him, and wept with him, and suffered with him, he regarded not; or if he did, it was with a heave and swell of agonized feeling which, I know not if it had not burst his bosom asunder; but he could weep;—he did weep, and his visage resumed the sullen quiet of despondence, the gloom of utter hopelessness.

B.

MORAL ANALOGIES.

ESSAY No. XI.

WHEN a malignant disease prevails in any community, much will be said respecting it. Many reports will circulate. The rumours will excite a lively interest, both

in those who relate, and in those who hear them. Much anxiety will be felt and expressed to learn what is truth respecting the alarming subject. All ranks and ages will inquire what are the symptoms of the disease? Is it contagious? Is it generally and speedily mortal?

Reader, it is reported that a moral disease, of a most malignant and pestilential nature extensively prevails. We believe the report. The malady rages near us. Our own atmosphere, our own relatives, our own persons are not exempt from its influence. In its general appearances and effects

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.—ISAIAH

This language was first addressed and applied to the kingdom of Judah above twenty-five centuries ago. The base ingratitude and criminal rebellions, of a people highly favoured of the Lord, are impressively exhibited to view by the prophet. Collectively, they had become “a sinful nation,—a people laden with iniquity, a seed of evil doers, corrupt children, who had forsaken the Lord, and provoked the Holy One of Israel to anger.” The smiles of indulgence and the frowns of correction at the hand of God had both been perverted by the Jews in the days of Isaiah. As a body politic, they had become corrupt throughout. From the sole of the feet even unto the head, there was no moral soundness. Every symptom indicated present pollution, rapid decay, and speedy death. The judgments of God were so near as to be described in the present tense.—“Your country is desolate. Your cities are burned with fire. Strangers devour your land in your presence.”

From the descriptions given in connexion with this portion of Divine truth, it was manifestly intended to be applied to moral character and moral consequences. It will be used to direct our attention to the worst of diseases in our world, and one which prevails to a lamentable extent.

In different ages and countries, the same disease assumes different names. The one now to be considered is nearly as old as the world. Though it is impossible to determine how it was first generated, we have a definite account of its first appearance on earth. The wri-

ter of that account, has called the disease in the Hebrew *Hethaut*. Other inspired writers on the same subject, called it in the Greek language *Harmartia*. Though in many cases, to prevent alarm from being excited by its prevalence, it has in English been called by milder names, its real and right name is SIN.

FIRST: Some of the symptoms of this disease will be described. It produces effects on the extreme parts. The feet refuse to walk in the paths of wisdom and holiness. Sometimes they are lame when it is proposed to bear the person to the sanctuary, to the family altar, or to the closet. Yet these same limbs can run to evil, and make haste to serve the world, the flesh, and the adversary. The hands are likewise closed and folded, when works of piety and charity are proposed, though the same hands may be opened and extended for other purposes. In the first case of this disease reported, the hand was rashly raised in rebellion against God. There is, indeed, a general inactivity of all the members, when required to yield themselves, as instruments of righteousness unto God, though they may be active servants of uncleanness and iniquity. The whole man is often swollen and bloated, to APPEAR much larger than he really is.

The symptoms which respect the members are however much less distressing than those which affect the HEAD. It is to that, inspiration first directs our attention—THE WHOLE HEAD IS SICK. There the disease rages with great violence. The vision is obscured to the most important of all objects, those of a spiritual nature. Some things, if seen at all, are viewed as at a great distance, though, in reality, they are very near; such as death, judgment and eternity. Other things, which in reality are diminutive, transitory, and unsatisfactory, seem to be great and durable, and indispensable to happiness. Though persons affected with this malady, may be swift to hear, when things seen and temporal are the subjects of discourse, yet it is not uncommon for the ears to be deaf to the most momentous truths in the universe. No moral fragrance or moral sweetness is relished. The tongue is disordered, uttering profaneness, slander, falsehood or vanity. The very breath is corrupt, whispering evil surmises.

Often there is a great pressure on the brain, of worldly cares and schemes, which sometimes, produce restlessness, and at other times lethargy, particularly in times of public and private religious worship. Not unfrequently, the person becomes exceeding flighty, and imagines himself in very different circumstances and with very different prospects before him than can be realized. There is, in general, a strong propensity for climbing dangerous heights;—the best friends are often mistaken for enemies, even when attempting to rescue from the most imminent danger. These things prove his judgment correct, who pronounced the whole head sick, and THE WHOLE HEART FAINT. Indeed, the HEART is ever the *principal seat* of this moral disease. For from within proceeds all the evil which is manifested in words and actions. The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Where there is much tenderness in the social affections towards relatives and friends, there is often an astonishing hardness of heart, or insensibility to the perfections and government of God,—to the relations and obligations of his intelligent creatures.

In this disease many morbid and convulsive affections are preying on the heart. Among these may be enumerated pride, covetousness, envy, hatred, jealousy, malice, revenge. Several of these, in a greater or less degree, attend most cases. In some, *one* predominates, in others another.—Often there is a perverseness and obstinacy which will submit to no control. These things prove that the heart of the sons of men is full of evil and madness is in their heart while they live, and after that they go to the dead. This moral madness, though exercised towards different objects, has many symptoms in common with other mania. Its most prominent ones are, enmity against God, want of subjection to his law, and the rejection of the sober dictates of the judgment. Some, or all of the symptoms which have been described, prevailing in greater or less degrees, attended with a feverish thirst for power, wealth, honour, or pleasure,—are perceptible in this disease. One of the worst of all the concomitants is, insensibility to the danger which attends this moral indisposition. But when a cure is commenced, under the care of the Great Physician, the patient begins to learn something of the nature of his malady. The more

he is recovered, the more he knows of the past danger and misery of his circumstances. From the symptoms of this moral disease, we proceed

SECONDLY ; To consider the extent of its prevalence. This we believe to be universal. No mere man was ever exempt from its influence in this life. We are satisfied that facts which fall under our own observation, corroborate this view of the subject. Where is the individual, young or old, within the circle of our observation, that is not contaminated with this moral contagion. Does not the circumstance that all ages and ranks are liable to sufferings and death, under the government of a holy God, prove that all deserve these things ? But sin is the only foundation for demerit or punishment. Do not our own feelings convince us that we are infected by it ? And is there not evidence that as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man ?

Reasoning on the subject, we arrive at the same lamentable conclusion. Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean ? Not one. Where has there been a parent in a state of sinless perfection ? And can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit ? Can a polluted fountain send forth pure streams ? The very nature of the disease proves it contaminating the blood from generation to generation.

But testimony is what must eventually decide the question respecting the prevalence of any disease. We have credible testimony of the present universal prevalence of sin in all countries and among all classes. We have indisputable testimony of its universal prevalence in past ages. When Jehovah, who beholds all worlds and all ages at one glance, looked down on the children of men to see if there were any that did understand or seek after God ;—behold, all were gone out of the way, they were together become unprofitable, there was none that did good by nature, no ; NOT ONE.

The same testimony proves to us that this moral disease is contagious, infectious, and hereditary. The breath of the old serpent first communicated it in our world. From that period it has been handed down from one generation to another, and disseminated in every land, in every dwelling, and has reached each individual. But if all our families, and all our persons, are under its

influence, can we be otherwise than deeply interested in our last proposition, which will be,

THIRDLY; To inquire whether this moral disease is generally and speedily mortal? To this it must be replied, that in its mildest form, without relief from an Almighty Physician, it inevitably and presently terminates fatally. When we recollect that it more or less affects the whole man, and that it seizes on the most vital parts, we can have no question but that it must prove mortal, where its progress is not arrested. And when we consider the malignant nature of the disease, we have evidence that it will be speedily fatal. It acts with great violence, even when its progress is least observable. With a hundred generations it has produced the death of the body. It has undermined the clay tabernacle of every person now living. If it run three score years and ten before its termination, it is not the less certain to lay the body in the dust. On its first attack it proclaims to man, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This sentence is speedily, and often very suddenly executed. But that death to which it exposes the soul, is infinitely the most dreadful.

Conceive of a soul infected by this moral disease, and to whom no effectual remedy has been applied, sinking under the last stages of the malady. It looks up and for the last time beholds the rays of the Sun of righteousness shining around it. It looks forward and beholds nothing but the blackness of darkness resting on the valley which it is then entering. It hears the last whispers of love, of friendship, or even of sympathy, die on the ear. Beyond this scene, no social affection will ever cheer a desponding heart; no sympathizing hand will wipe away the tear of sorrow. It tastes the last cooling drop that will ever moisten the tongue. It feels pangs commencing which will not indeed forever separate soul and body, but which *will* forever separate soul and body from all that is amiable in the universe. They will terminate in a final separation from all holy employments or enjoyments, and from all holy beings. They will consign to that region of unutterable woe, where their worm dieth not and the fire shall never be quenched. This and infinitely more dreadful, is that death to which sin

inevitably brings every soul who is not delivered from its influence.

Several practical reflections naturally flow from our subject.

FIRST ; From the symptoms of the disease described, how manifest that it prevails all around us. Are there not those of our acquaintance who rarely enter the sanctuary, or peruse the word of God at home, and never have their feet bear them to family or private devotion,—whose hands are never raised in pious prayer, or opened to diffuse the goods of their sovereign Lord, in acts of piety and beneficence. How many are there whose vision is so affected, that they view the things of this life as all-important,—as deserving of all their time and all their solicitude, while the momentous things of a never-ending eternity are overlooked and disregarded. How many, who, though tenderly alive to every whisper which respects the gains, the honours, or the pleasures of earth, are deaf to the calls of God in his works and providences, by his word, and his ministers, and apparently deaf to all the remonstrances of conscience and to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. How many, even of those who frequent the house of God, seem to be but forgetful hearers of the word, and not doers of it. Are there not multitudes who have the poison of asps under their lips, and whose very breath pollutes the air around them with their profaneness, their obscenity, their falsehood, and deceit. Are there no hearts around us consuming away with pride and covetousness, with malevolent and sensual affections ? Are there none so insane as to be hostile to the government of God, and feel enmity against his character, as revealed in the Scriptures ? How much of our pitty these objects demand ! But when we recal to mind another part of our subject, we learn

SECONDLY ; That we are all affected by this pestilential disease ; for we have proved it universally prevalent. The testimony of God is, that the whole world lieth in wickedness. Not only, therefore, are our neighbours involved in the wickedness which attends this moral pestilence, but ourselves and our families are contaminated with it. Who of us can say, we have no sin ? Alas ! in us, that is, in our flesh, dwelleth no good thing. The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. This

moral disease rages in all our societies, in all our habitations, and it more or less affects all our persons. Its natural tendency is to hurry us all inevitably and speedily to the pit. Can any of us be indifferent to the prevalence of a malady so alarming? Shall we not all be aroused to contemplate the awful progress of an epidemic which has brought a hundred generations to the grave? millions and millions to the second death? Are our parents, our brothers and sisters, and even our bosom companions infected with this most terrible of all diseases? Shall we not feel for them? Shall not our tears flow and our hearts bleed on their account? Have some of us, as parents, communicated this hereditary disease to our offspring, and shall not their moral sufferings and danger awake our most tender solicitude? Have we ourselves fatal symptoms about us which no mortal skill can remove? And is it unwise or improper for us to be alarmed?

If any of us are so much affected by it as to be insensible to its nature, and fancy ourselves well, does this diminish our danger? Contemplate the havoc it has made of our race! Behold the old world and the cities of the plain depopulated by it, and innumerable multitudes made examples of its awful malignity. Recal to mind the horrible effects of this moral madness, witnessed by prophets and apostles;—effects which shrouded the heavens in mourning, and convulsed the earth in groans. With the moral telescope of Revelation, view this pestilence once entering the abodes of celestial bliss, and spreading horror and moral ruin wherever it came. Contemplate the universal tendency of this disease to produce eternal death. Think over the horrors of being forever dying but never dead:—to groan and shriek, where existence is intolerable and interminable.

FINALLY; To divest the subject of metaphor.—Man by nature and by practice is in a most deplorable condition. The whole moral powers and faculties of the head, the heart, and the hands, are affected by sin. The pollutions of his nature and the accumulated iniquity of his moral course expose him to a thousand moral sufferings in time. They unfit him for spiritual comfort or holy obedience. And they render him a fit subject to endure indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish to all

eternity. No age, no rank, no circumstances merely earthly but what are involved in the calamity. The wheels of time are most rapidly rolling the whole race to death, to judgment, and a state of final retribution. And to complete his morally lost condition, man, if left to himself, must die,—die inevitably,—die eternally.

We, our readers, and all the friends entwined about our social affections, are involved in this sweeping condemnation of the Law, "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" Let this solemn truth, ring through every corner of the land. Let it fasten on every conscience. Let it arouse all our dormant sensibilities. Let it fill every breast with a deep conviction, that by nature we are all in a guilty, wretched, and ruined state.

BIOGRAPHY OF MARTIN LUTHER.

[Continued from page 343.]

IN the year 1513, Leo, X. the son of Lorenzo the magnificent, succeeded to the papacy. This prelate resembled his illustrious father in his patronage of literature, whereby he secured the praises of that class of the community, who were most likely to spread his popularity. At the same time his voluptuous indolence and extravagance were either so well concealed from public notice, or so garnished over with the specious pretence of promoting the honour of the church, as to make him pass for a respectable Pope, and consequently to increase the odium against those who should venture to oppose him. Upwards of four years of extravagance, however, had so much exhausted his coffers, as to lead him to consider what would be the most probable means of replenishing them. On this occasion he had recourse to the profitable sale of "*Indulgences,*" which, as they were then modified, might be defined to be, *remissions of sins, on paying a sum of money, according to a fixed table of rates!* The expenses of carrying on a war against the Turks, and of finishing the magnificent church of St. Peter's at Rome, which had been begun by his predecessor, afforded an ostensible motive for the present sale of Indulgences. The money,

however, went to neither purpose, but was lavished in gratifying the luxury of the Pope and his friends.

Amongst the most active venders of this infamous ware was John Tetzel, a Dominican monk, a man of profligate manners, but, from a matchless impudence, and a coarse popular diction, well adapted for this employment among the lower classes. In his speeches to his superstitious hearers, it was not uncommon for him to assert, that he had saved more souls from hell by his Indulgences, than St. Peter had converted to Christianity by his preaching! —He assured the people that he had pardons for crimes, the most enormous; yea, that had any one debauched the very *Mother of our Saviour*, his Indulgences, would procure him a complete remission!

The following was the usual form of absolution written by his own hand:—"May our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon thee, and absolve thee by the merits of his most holy passion! And I, by his authority, that of his apostles, Peter and Paul, and of the most holy Pope, granted and committed to me in these parts, do absolve thee, first from all ecclesiastical censures in whatever manner they may have been incurred; and then from all thy sins, transgressions, and excesses, how enormous soever they may be, even from such as are reserved for the cognizance of the holy see: and, as far as the keys of the holy church extend, I remit to thee all the punishment which thou deservest in purgatory on their account; and I restore thee to the holy sacraments of the church, to the unity of the faithful, and to that innocence and purity which thou possessedst in baptism; so that when thou diest the gates of punishment shall be shut, and the gates of the paradise of delight shall be opened; and if thou shalt not die at present, this grace shall remain in full force when thou art at the point of death. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!"

Such was the style in which these astonishingly impious formulas were written. At the same time the effect of Indulgences in delivering persons from the supposed torments of purgatory were represented as equally wonderful: "*the moment*," said Tetzel, "*the money tinkles in the chest, your Father's soul mounts out of purgatory.*"

Such impious proceedings were in themselves enough to arouse our Saxon reformer from a state of solitary med-

itation, to active opposition. Myconius, however, a contemporary, and friend of Luther, has informed us that a more direct reason first excited his indignation. In the year 1517, some persons who had officially acknowledged that they were guilty of serious crimes, refused to undergo the penance he prescribed, on account of their having already received remission in the shape of an Indulgence. —Struck with the evident impiety of such conduct, Luther ventured to refuse them the absolution for which they applied. The consequence was, they considered themselves aggrieved, and brought a serious complaint against him to Tetzel, who was at that time in the neighbourhood. Confident of support from his superiors, and little accustomed to contradiction, Tetzel assumed all the consequence of a plenipotentiary of the court of Rome. He threatened to subject Luther, and those who might adhere to him, to the horrors of the Inquisition, and to keep the populace in awe, and prevent Luther's opposition from being imitated, he caused a pile for burning heretics to be erected in a conspicuous situation. But all these threats were unavailing, and Luther once roused, persevered in his course with his characteristic intrepidity. At this time our Saxon reformer was only thirty-four years of age, vigorous both in mind and body, fresh from the schools, and "mighty in the Scriptures." His conduct, however, for the present was very cautious, and his mind, indeed, little aware of the radical evils of popery, or of the wonderful effects which were shortly about to arise from his exertions. At first he signified in a gentle manner from the pulpit, that the people might be better employed than in running from place to place to purchase Indulgences. He shortly afterwards requested Albert, archbishop of Mentz, to withdraw Tetzel's license, expressing his fears of the evils which might arise from the continuance, little aware that Albert was himself a sharer in the gains which arose from this impious traffic. —He sent also about the same time, certain given subjects drawn up in the form of questions, and expressed with the caution and modesty of a person, who perceived that there was something essentially wrong; but who knew not the extent of the growing mischief, or the exact nature of its cause.

Whilst affairs were in this state, the bishop of Brandenburg, who had received a letter from him on the subject,

aware of the dangerous ground on which he was advancing, and at the same time reverencing the integrity of this Saxon reformer, admonished him to proceed no farther. "You will oppose the church," he remarked, "you cannot think in what troubles you will involve yourself, you had much better be quiet." But Luther was not a man to be deterred from what he conceived his duty, by the fear of personal consequences. With deliberate steadiness he ventured to persevere; and having tried in vain to procure the concurrence of the dignitaries of the church, he published his Thesis, containing ninety-five propositions, in which he largely discussed the doctrines of penitence, charity, indulgences, and purgatory.

In this work Luther maintained, in opposition to the errors of the day, that from the tenor of Christ's command to repent, we ought not to view it as a salutary act of contrition, but the habitual and daily exercise of penitence. Penitence administered under the name of a sacrament by a priest, could in his opinion, have no existence; the repentance enjoined by Christ, consisting of internal sorrow, accompanied by external acts of mortification. As Indulgences were founded on the belief that the Pope could forgive sin, Luther proceeded to examine this part also of the Catholic creed. "The Holy Father" he said "was neither able nor willing to remit any punishment except that which is prescribed by the canons; or such as he himself might have imposed by virtue of his personal authority. Strictly speaking, the Pope," he added, "could in himself be the author of no remission, but merely the *declarer* of what was granted by God." Thus gradually did Luther begin to limit his notions of the extent of the power of the Pope.

He assumed, however, a more decided tone in reprobating the notion of benefiting by Indulgences, the souls of the dead. "The Holy Spirit in the Pope," he said. "always excepts in his decrees the articles of death. The punishment endured in purgatory is intended like all other punishment, for the most salutary purposes, and before any one can be relieved from it, his soul must increase in charity. To hold forth to the multitude the promise of a general pardon, must be productive of the worst of consequences. How indecent then must it be for those who are employed to sell Indulgences, to affirm to the ignorant

populace, that the soul for whom they purchase a pardon, "escapes from purgatory as soon as their money tinkles in the chest!" Let not the public be induced to prefer the purchase of Indulgences to acts of charity; for the relief of the poor is among the first Christian duties. "If the Holy Father," he added, "knew the exactions of those mercenary preachers, he would rather that the palace of St. Peter should be burnt to ashes, than built with the skin and bones of his sheep."

Such is the outline of Luther's propositions, the publication of which constituted in a manner the first act of the Reformation. They manifest evident marks of a vigorous understanding, mixed, however, with a strong bias to early impressions. He had attained what was very rare in that age, a correct view of the necessity of sincere penitence to the enjoyment of mental comfort. But in doing justice to him in this respect, as well as to his knowledge of the Scriptures and sacred history, we cannot help being struck with the extent of his faith in the doctrine of purgatory, and in the power of the pope.—His whole career, however, is an example of the slow steps by which the mind, when left to its own resources, is destined to arrive at a knowledge of the truth. Known hitherto only in a limited circle as a professor, the publication of his "Propositions," made Luther one of the most public men in the empire. The respect which he showed to the authority of the Fathers, recommended his work to the reflecting and moderate, while the discrimination evinced in his definitions of the power of the Pope was calculated to stagger, in some degree, the belief of those who had hitherto bowed to it as infallible.

In regard to that point, there was indeed considerable difference of opinion; but there was hardly room for any other feeling than admiration as to another—I mean the necessity of inward contrition and the indecency of selling a general pardon through the medium of an Indulgence.

Alarmed at the interest excited by Luther's "Propositions," Tetzel published soon after two Theses in opposition to them, in which he asserted the Pope's infallibility, and as a necessary consequence, that every thing at variance with their fundamental position must be false.

X.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE MONITOR.

PRACTICAL SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS.

MR. EDITOR,—

IN a retired place in the country, there lives an elderly gentleman, whom I frequently visit with much satisfaction and no less advantage. By occupation he is a farmer; a plain, unlettered man, but one who has thought much, and studied the Bible and the ways of God in his providence, vastly more than thousands who in the same situation, and with the same opportunities, neglect them both. From his heavenly conversation and judicious remarks I have derived many an instructive lesson, and have not been a little stimulated to persevere in wisdom's paths; at the same time I could wish that every youth like myself, had before him such an example of humility, and such a friend to counsel him.

One evening in autumn, when I was visiting at his house, he led me into his garden under a grape vine. The vine, with its winding branches and thick foliage dispersed over the frame which supported it, formed a delightful alcove, and seemed a place peculiarly adapted to the purposes of devotion and religious meditation. It was loaded with clusters and its branches were neatly trimmed and gracefully directed. At first I thought it was his intention, perhaps, to spend a few moments in social prayer, since the time and place seemed so inviting. In this however I was mistaken, for thus he began.—

“I am the true vine and my father is the husbandman. Now, how aptly does the vine illustrate the subject which Christ would teach in the parable. Here is the stalk, large and firmly seated in the ground; the head, the source, the life of all the branches; from this they derive all their nourishment, by this they are enabled to bring forth their fruit. Such is Christ, and thus dependant on him are all his disciples. He proceeded; “As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me.” How apt again the illustration! Observe these branches; each of them green, vigorous and flourishing, each of them loaded with clusters—it is because they abide in the vine. Cut off one of them like these prunings on the ground, immediately it

withers and dies, it is fit only to be gathered and cast into the fire. Thus it is with the disciples of Christ; if they live near to him, they bring forth much fruit, but without him they can do nothing. Again, "Herein is my father glorified that ye bear much fruit." This abundance of clusters is an honour to the husbandman; it marks the care and attention with which he has prepared the ground, watered it, trained up the vine, and pruned the branches. So the disciples of Christ, if they bear much fruit, glorify their Father in heaven."

The vine illustrates another thing. You see the branches are of every size; some are large and long, and wind themselves in endless ramifications, supporting and cherishing innumerable other branches. These are the aged and experienced in Christ's Church, who, by their prayers their counsel and their example, feed his flock. Other branches, a more numerous class, are smaller and shorter; which may properly represent Christians in the prime of life; while here and there, you see a small tendril curling its pliant substance around some neighbouring branch for support. These are the babes in Christ, who require to be fostered and treated with gentleness and the kindest affection. But all these branches so various in their size, strength, and extent, are, equally dependant on the stalk, and from it derive all they possess. Thus it is with Christ's disciples." When we returned to the house, my mind was filled with delightful contemplations; and I believe it was then if ever, I prayed that I might be united to Christ as the branch is united to the vine.

In the morning at an early hour, as soon as the devotions at the family altar were ended, having occasion to go into one of his fields for something which required his attention, he invited me to walk with him. The dew was upon the ground, and the sun as it shone serenely, scattered a thousand brilliancies on the drops that studded every blade of grass. All was cheerful; the tribes of animated nature, were seeking their food from God, and expressing their gratitude to him for his bounty; these in songs, and those in playful gambols. Having accomplished the object of the excursion, we prepared to return. He stopped a moment, and looking on the ground bade me observe the dew. "Every spire of grass" he

said "is furnished with a drop of dew ; there is a blade which is tall and rank—it has a large drop of dew upon it ; and the plain reason why it has a large drop, is, that it is a large blade, and therefore requires a large share of moisture to support it during the heat of the day." Pointing to another he said, "this has a much smaller drop, but still it is proportioned to the size of the blade, it is sufficient for its wants. Look where you will, the same is true in every case ; the drop of dew is exactly proportioned to the size and wants of its blade.

"Here then" he continued "I learn the economy of grace, and here I find explained those passages in the Bible which promise divine assistance, such as "My grace is sufficient for thee," "But he giveth more grace," "As thy days are so shall thy strength be ;" and here also is illustrated those passages in which the influence of the Spirit is compared to dew. The large spear of grass is the Christian who has great and arduous duties to perform, and is exposed to great temptations. God gives him grace proportioned to his duties and temptations ; and thus it is with all ranks and degrees of Christians ; though they be as numerous and as various as the spires of grass, not one is overlooked, there is not one who has not grace sufficient for his necessities." But here, I observed, is a blade which has no drop upon it. "True" he replied "and you see the reason ; it is dead, it stands erect indeed with the rest, but it is dry and lifeless, it needs no dew and therefore it has none. So the false professor ; he is numbered in the Church of God, but he shares not in its blessings ; he feels not the need of grace, and he has none.

After this we resumed our walk, and our course leading us through an orchard of fruit trees enlivened by the birds which we had before observed, he said, "here I spend some of my sweetest moments, and enjoy nearest communion with God. When I look on the trees which compose this grove, and contemplate the wisdom and power exhibited in every branch and leaf that grows upon them ; and when I listen to these songsters and hear from each a different note, raised as it were in praise to God. I am elevated above the world, and my heart, melted at the scene, pours itself out in silent adoration and sincerest devotion."

Having finished our walk I bade him farewell. And then, thought I, for such a heavenly mind, I would give more than I would for all the riches and gaudy honours which this world can bestow. They are not worthy to be compared to the pure enjoyment of one such hour. And then I thought again, this is studying the book of nature to some good purpose. How infinitely superior to the empty gaze and contracted ideas of the merely scientific man! I say nothing against science, it is good in its place; only let it be made subservient to a higher object, let it be the medium through which we may look up to nature's God. I have only to add, that the scene here described was a real transaction, and is not merely the workings of fancy.

ALPHA.

FOR THE MONITOR.

AN INDIAN TALE.

It was the fourth hour of the evening. The sun had gone to rest in the great ocean. During that whole day his face had not been hidden by a single cloud. At this the Indians were surprized for the extreme sultriness of the weather and the bird's prophetic invocation had promised, that the great Spirit was about to remember the parched corn fields of his children. The last gleamings of twilight splendour were still visible, when something dark appeared to rise above the summit of the western mountain. All was silent in the Indian village Mahony. The scream of a sleepless panther had died away on the hills. Struck by the unusual silence, or awed by some instinctive apprehension, the wild beasts were in their coverts. The trees of the forest stood upright. The topmost foliage gave not a sign of motion. Afar off, the waters of the Yalo-Busha were heard gently murmuring over a rocky bed, or gurgling down a little cataract. The storm in all its blackness was now rapidly nearing. The thunder's dread voice, and the terrific crinkling of heaven's fire made many an Indian's soul quake within him. But there was one in that village through whose bosom went emotions intense—indescribable: the gran-

deur, the solemnity of the inimitable scene calmed not her agonized spirit. Every howl of the angry tempest, —every glow of the scathed forest-tree threw a deeper gloominess on her anticipations, and told in accents of despair, that her friends—her all were in the extremity of peril. Perhaps, the power of a woman's affections, the yearnings of maternal tenderness are never felt, with such vital warmth as when a child is exposed to the fury of a tempest. Count the horrors of a drear lonesomeness : remember the impassioned love for an *only* child, the absence of an affectionate husband ; remove every lenitive cheering the Christian's heart in the day of rebuke, and then there will be a faint picture of those bitter forebodings experienced by this Indian female. Very soon, the rain fell in such unvarying and impetuous streams, that it seemed as if desolation's finger would be left alone to mark the ravages. Convulsed and maddened by fiercely driven winds, the Yalo-Busha's current rose and widened and hastened onward with fearful velocity. Over these disturbed waters and a low prairie ground, which the swellings of the Yalo Busha very often inundated, lay the path of the Indian and his daughter.

The little girl, a sweet youth of ten years, for twenty moons, had been an inmate of a mission family. There her playful sprightliness had not wasted its strength in roaming the woods, or watching the success of the savage's fish-line. There her beautifully coloured eyes had been directed to other objects than the tomahawk's crimson edge, or the bloody mementos of relentless warfare. On that consecrated spot, her young bosom first panted for the delights of civilized society, first reciprocated with the smile of affection, the tenderness of the white lady's instruction. Above all, she was there taught, that her soul would live, after the ray of sun-light had ceased to play in the waters of her father's land. When told of the kindness of a Saviour, penitential tears stood in her eye—silent evidence, that a child, born in the depths of Mississippi's wilds, would become a sparkling gem in the crown of imperishable glory.

After having given proofs of extraordinary mental ability, and a most winning sweetness of disposition, her father, a chief of considerable rank, arrived at the mission house, for the purpose of taking his daughter home on a

visit. She manifested much pleasure at seeing him, gave a feeling adieu to her associates and instructors, and accompanied her father towards the setting sun. The greater part of their journey was through a thickly wooded forest, pervious only to the savage.

The awful commingling of light and shade, the lonely ray ever and anon revealing the mouldered leaf or the shadowed evergreen, the pensive echo from the note of the wood-land bird, and the purling streamlet displaying on its surface the fallen beauties of a hundred different trees—all these disclose one source, whence the son of nature has drawn the wildness of his charming descriptions. Here, my Narowna, said the enraptured Indian, was the hunting ground of your fathers. Here was the nimble deer struck by the flying arrows of the red hunter. Under these shades was the bloody hatchet buried, and the smoke of the pipe of peace told the good Spirit, that his children were happy. But the sun has drowned those days in the deep ocean. Never more will these high trees carry up to the land of souls the song of triumph. The white men are driving the Indians far beyond the river of the west. My father, said Narowna, her little eyes kindling into more than mortal brightness, the star of peace is rising on our land. Oh praise the great Spirit, the white men are not all enemies of the Indians. A journey of many moons, through the woods, and over the rivers, the good missionaries are come to teach us the way of life. In their talk to us, they said that Jesus Christ a great many moons ago came down from the country of the blessed to take away the thorns and briers from the path of the warrior. He brought into this world the book of truth. In that book there is much talk about heaven—a glorious place, where all men, who have repented of their sins and believed in the Saviour, will go as soon their bodies are cold and dead. Hark! the voice of the great Father.

The thunder more and more audible, now seemed to rock the very ground. The darkness, as they emerged from the thick wood to the prairie, was scarcely less appalling, for the cloud was rolling its black front over the whole sky.

ARROWFOOT.

[To be Continued.]

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE RAINBOW.

—————Reflected from yon eastern cloud;
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense? and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy shadowy prism;
And, to the sage instructed eye, unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed,
From the white, mingling maze.—THOMSON.

THE meteor called the RAINBOW is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. It never appears but when the spectator is situated between the sun and a shower.

This appearance is formed by rays of light entering the upper part of the drops of falling rain, suffering one refraction there, which throws them upon the back part of the inner surface of the drops, from whence they are reflected to the bottom of these drops, and then again they are refracted directly to the eye of the spectator. Two refractions and one reflection of the sun's rays, in falling water, will always produce the appearance of the rainbow to a spectator with his back to the sun, when the falling water is sufficiently elevated to bring the second refraction to his organs of vision.

This theory of the rainbow accounts for its appearing to recede when we advance, and advance when we recede. It keeps a position having the same angle of incidence, and therefore shifts its situation as the eye of the spectator does. This will likewise account for the bow, as being higher or lower in the atmosphere, according as the sun is lower or higher in the horizon, and the nearer the sun is to the horizon the higher the meteor will appear. But it is obvious that except the spectator be very highly elevated above the earth, it will never appear higher than half a circle. As the sun is elevated above the horizon the arc of the circle will be diminished, till it could no longer exist.

Besides, the fact that the rainbow is usually attended with an outer meteor, in which the colours are reversed in their order from the primary bow ; some remarkable bows have been observed in which several series of colours were visible, making the bow much broader than usual. We have ourselves witnessed phenomena in the atmosphere connected with the subject of refraction and reflection of the sun's rays, which we intend to notice some other time.

A phenomenon is sometimes observed in a much agitated sea which is called a marine rainbow. It is occasioned by the wind's raising water from the surface of the waves, which, as it ascends, refracts and reflects the rays of the sun. We have witnessed a similar appearance when a violent wind was blowing directly against a large cascade. And the spray from large cataracts is always attended with the appearance of a rainbow, when the sun and the spectator are in favourable circumstances.

There have sometimes been witnessed lunar bows, in which all the colours of the iris were visible, but much fainter. In childhood, we once witnessed a lunar bow uncommonly vivid in its colours. The full moon was just risen above the eastern horizon. North of west a thunder gust of uncommon blackness was discharging torrents of rain as it continued to rise. The palest lightning incessantly played on its surface, with a gloom which seemed to portend impending destruction. But the appearance of the bow in the cloud, might be recognised as the pledge of covenant faithfulness in God.

Besides, it served to direct the eye of faith to that throne which is ever surrounded with the bow of redeeming covenant love and mercy. O how delightful to hope that when these eyes shall no more see the sun, or his refracted or reflected rays, the pious soul will forever look on the rays of the Sun of righteousness, and behold covenant love in vivid colours, painted on those dark tempests which forever hang over the regions of impenitent, unpardoned guilt.

EXTRACTS ON THE UNUSUAL REFRACTION OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

ALTHOUGH the phenomena of refraction have been often observed by astronomers and navigators, yet they do not seem to have attracted particular notice till the year 1797. The unusual elevation of coasts, mountains, and ships, have been long known under the name of *looming*; and the same phenomena, when accompanied with inverted images, have been distinguished in France by the name of the *Mirage*.

In a paper printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1797, Mr. Huddart describes several examples of powerful atmospherical refraction, in consequence of which objects near the horizon appeared inverted, and the horizon itself either elevated or depressed. Mr. Huddart seems to have been the first who described an inverted image beneath the real object; and he accounts for this, and other phenomena of elevation, by supposing that, in consequence of the evaporation of the water, the refractive power of the air is not greatest at the surface of the sea, but at some distance above it, increasing gradually from the surface of the sea to a line which he calls the *line of maximum density*, and thence diminishing gradually upward *ad infinitum*. He then shews, that, in passing through such a medium, the rays of light would move in curve lines, convex upwards when they passed above the line of maximum density, and convex downwards when they passed below the line of maximum density. Hence, two pencils from the object will arrive at the eye, which will produce an inverted image of the object.

In the year 1798, the Rev. Dr. Vince of Cambridge made a series of interesting observations at Ramsgate on the unusual refraction of the atmosphere. He made his observations with a terrestrial telescope magnifying between thirty and forty times, when the height of the eye was about twenty-five feet above the surface of the sea: Sometimes the height of the eye was eighty feet, but no variation in the phenomena seemed to arise from this cause. On the 1st of August between four and eight o'clock, P. M. he saw the topmasts of a ship. "At the

same time, also, he discovered in the field of view, *two* complete images of the ship *in the air*, vertical to the ship itself, one being *inverted* and the other *erect*, having their hulls joined." As the ship receded from the shore, less and less of its masts became visible, and as it *descended* the images *ascended*; but as the ship did not sink below the horizon, Dr. Vincee did not observe at what time and in what order the images vanished.

The alterations of the refractive power may arise partly from the variations of its density, and partly from the variations of its moisture; and the passage of the rays through the boundary of the fog may there suffer a very considerable refraction; for, from the motion of the fog, and that of the images above-mentioned, Dr. Vincee had no doubt that the fog was a very considerable agent in producing the phenomena. When all the causes co-operate, we can easily perceive that they may produce the effects which he has described.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena produced by unusual refraction, was observed by Dr. Vincee at Ramsgate on the 6th August, 1806, about 7h. P. M. Between Ramsgate and Dover there is a hill, over which the tops of the four turrets of Dover Castle are usually seen to a person at Ramsgate. At the time above mentioned, however, Dr. Vincee, when at Ramsgate, not only saw the four turrets, but the *whole of the castle*, appearing as if it were situated on the side of the hill next to Ramsgate, and rising as much above the hill as usual, *as if it had been brought over and placed on the Ramsgate side of the hill*. This appearance continued about twenty minutes. Between Ramsgate, and the land from which the hill rises, there is about six miles of sea, and from thence to the top of the hill about the same distance, the height of the eye above the surface of the sea being about seventy feet. It is a very singular circumstance in this phenomenon, that the image of the castle was so very strong and well defined that the hill itself did not appear through the image.

In all the preceding cases of unusual refraction, the difference of density in the air has been related to a horizontal line, and consequently the different images have been situated in the same vertical line. A very curious case, however, of a lateral mirage was observed at Geneva, on

the 17th Sept. 1818, at 10 o'clock P. M. by MM. Jurine and Soret. A bark near Bellerive, at the distance of about 4000 toises, was seen approaching to Geneva by the *left* bank of the lake, and at the same time an image of the sails was observed above the water, which, instead of following the direction of the bark, separated from it, and appeared to approach Geneva by the *right* bank of the lake, the image moving from *east* to *west*, while the bark moved from *north* to *south*. When the image separated from the bark it was of the same dimensions as the bark, but it diminished as it receded from it, so as to be reduced to one-half when the phenomenon ceased. In this case of unusual refraction the plane of refraction was clearly horizontal; and consequently the two masses of air of different density must have been laterally contiguous to each other.

THE following accounts of Optical Illusions arising from atmospheric refraction are from the Journal of Capt. Scoresby in a voyage to the polar seas in 1822.

ON the 7th of June, such finely marked *ice-blinks* appeared in the atmosphere, in connexion with the horizon, as to present a perfect map of all the ice and openings of water for twenty or thirty miles around.

“The reflection was so strong and definite, that I could readily determine the figure and probable extent of all the fields and floes within this limit, and could distinguish packed or open ice, by its duller and less yellow image; while every vein and lake of water, producing its marked reflection by a deep blue, or bluish-black patch, amid the ice-blinks, enabled me to ascertain where the most water lay, and the nature of the obstacles that intervened. By this means only, I discovered a large opening immediately to the north-westward of the lake we had so long navigated, with a considerable expanse in the same direction, at a greater distance, bounded by sheets of ice that appeared to be of prodigious magnitude. This induced me to examine the ice very closely in this quarter, when, in the very spot marked by the blink as being the narrowest, ice was found to be in the act of opening, so as to per-

mit our passing through towards the north-west. At the extremity of the first opening, or lake, there was a compact barrier of floes, wherein, however, after a few hours detention, we discovered a narrow dubious channel, that eventually conducted us into the expanse of water pointed out by reflection in the atmosphere."

"The strong action of the sun's rays soon produced such an unequal density in the atmosphere, that some of the most extraordinary phenomena to which this circumstance gives rise were exhibited. The land, to appearance, was suddenly brought fifteen or twenty miles nearer to us; its boldness and clearness, as seen from the deck, being superior to what its elevation and distinctness had previously been as seen from the mast-head. The ice about the horizon assumed various singular forms:—hummocks became vertical columns; floes and fields arose above the horizon, like cliffs of prismatic-formed spar—and, in many places, the ice was reflected in the atmosphere at some minutes elevation above the horizon. The ships around us, consisting of eight or nine sail, presented extraordinary characters. Their sails and masts were strangely distorted. Sometimes the courses would be depressed to almost nothing; the topsails expanded to near four times their proper height, and the topgallant-sails truncated. Occasionally a very odd spectacle occurred; an additional sail appeared above the topgallant-sail, like a royal hanging loose; and sometimes the expanded topsail, divided into two distinct sails, by the separation of all the additional height given by the refraction, which, slowly rolling upward, as it were, like the lifting of a curtain, dispersed, and became invisible, after leaving the mast-head. Above some distant ships, there was an inverted image in the air, many times larger than the object itself: this, in some instances, was at a considerable elevation above the ship; but it was found to be of a less size whenever the original and the image were not in contact. The image of one ship was distinctly seen for several minutes together, though the object to which it referred was not in sight! One ship was crowned with two images; the first an inverted one, and the second, a circumstance I never before observed, in its proper position. Altogether, the shipping, and other objects around us, presented a most amusing spectacle. They were per-

petually changing their appearance, and afforded me abundant entertainment for hours together. The most remarkable effect produced, was on the most distant objects, the interesting appearances of which not being discernible without the use of a telescope, probably escaped general observation."

"The most extraordinary effect of this state of the atmosphere, however, was the distinct inverted image of a ship in the clear sky, over the middle of the large bay or inlet before mentioned,—the ship itself being entirely beyond the horizon. Appearances of this kind I have before noticed; but the peculiarities of this were,—the perfection of the image, and the great distance of the vessel that it represented. It was so extremely well defined, that when examined with a telescope by Dollond, I could distinguish every sail, the general "rig of the ship," and its particular character; insomuch that I confidently pronounced it to be my father's ship, the *Fame*, which it afterwards proved to be;—though, on comparing notes with my father, I found that our relative position at the time gave our distance from one another very nearly thirty miles, being about seventeen miles beyond the horizon, and some leagues beyond the limit of direct vision. I was so struck by the peculiarity of the circumstance, that I mentioned it to the officer of the watch, stating my full conviction that the *Fame* was then cruising in the neighbouring inlet."

FOR THE MONITOR.

MR. EDITOR,

I Understand that the Sabbath Schools in the City of Boston are to be continued through the winter. It gratifies me much to hear this. Some selfdenial it may require on the part of the superintendents and teachers; but it is believed they will find their reward in the improvement of their pupils. The practice of suspending these schools during the season of winter is of dangerous tendency, and appears to me inexpedient and unnecessary. I speak now of Sabbath Schools generally. If they are important in summer, they are also in winter. Nothing, as I conceive, is gained by an intermission of the exercises.

The pupils return in the spring to their lessons with no new impulse ; but rather with aversion. Fond of ease and leisure, impatient of toil and restraint, the relaxation weds their young hearts to indolence, unnerves them for vigorous efforts, the benefit of which they cannot be supposed fully to perceive.—Besides, what time more suitable is there for learning scripture than the long evenings of winter. If instead of the mirth, the sports and games, the senseless chit chat and pernicious reading which too often beguile these evenings of their tediousness, a part of them should be spent in literary and historical and scientific research, and another part in studying the precious volume of divine truth which is able to save them that understand and love it ; if only a small proportion of each evening were thus employed, the acquisitions would not be inconsiderable—acquisitions which would place the youth who makes them at a laudable, perhaps unattainable eminence above his fellows. He would be able, at the return of spring, to meditate a bolder and loftier flight in the knowledge of men and things, and of the infinite God, than they could hope to attain. The habit of diligence and the love of knowledge, which would be acquired or confirmed by the discipline I propose, might be even more valuable than the acquisitions themselves.

But I need not dwell on the *importance* of continuing Sabbath Schools during the winter.

Is it not practicable ? In some places it probably is not. Meeting-houses, in which the school has usually recited, contain no stoves, and are too cold to be convenient. In many towns, however, the people have learned, what all know, that it is as agreeable to be warm on the Sabbath as on other days, and have furnished means for rendering their house of worship comfortable. In others they assemble in buildings, which are occupied and kept warm during the week, and which with trifling expense may be warmed on the Sabbath. And, indeed, it can be no very difficult thing to provide a suitable house in every place. The object is sufficiently important to demand the erection of stoves in each meeting-house, for the convenience of a school, even if nothing else could be urged in favour of such a measure.

It may perhaps be further objected, that the intermission is too short to afford time for the recitations. I can-

not think, however, that any one will seriously say this. For there occur to my mind, at this moment and almost without an effort of thought, five ways, at least, any one of which is sufficient to remove this evil. The morning exercises of public worship may commence earlier ; or the evening exercises later ; or the morning worship of the sanctuary and the public duties of the school may be shortened ; or the lessons diminished in length ; or the classes increased in number.

These suggestions, Sir, I leave at your disposal, hoping that they may, in some degree, subserve the cause to which your paper is devoted,—the interests of the rising generation. Yours &c. E. S.

FOR THE MONITOR.

THE COMPLAINT.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING a subscriber and a close reader of your truly valuable Monitor, I have been very much delighted with many of its pieces, and can truly say that I believe it to be a publication worthy indeed of both old and young.

Observing that it is open for communications : I have caught my pen for a moment accompanied with an ardent prayer, that what I shall scrawl may be of some use to a class of persons with whom I am acquainted. Having been resident in different parts of the country for several years past ; I have endeavoured to let no one subject where the welfare of the young has been concerned, pass unnoticed, and truly Mr. Editor, I have seen very great contrasts, and that too in adjoining Towns. While in some places, I have been much pleased with seeing the youth of both sexes growing up in the delightful paths of Virtue and Religion ; while I have seen them ripening for usefulness in this world and striving with the assistance of the Divine blessing for glory in another : I have, oh ! sad indeed is the reverse ! in other places, I have seen them spending the bright morning of life in folly and madness, apparently ripening for everlasting woe ; and while viewing these great contrasts I have been led to the following queries, What is the cause of such an as-

tonishing difference? Why is it that youth in many places, become blessings to their parents and to society and in others become nuisances? The result of my enquiries has been just this, or with a few exceptions, I have come to this conclusion: It is in consequence of too much relaxation in family government; It is for the want of more energy in parents when children are young. For confirmation of this, I rest on what comes under my own observation daily. As I am sincerely of the opinion that there is no place which I have ever been in, where this all important duty of parents is so much neglected as where I now reside; I will now Mr. Editor, give you a faint sketch, of the manner, in which many of the youth spend their time, and conclude with a few words of advice to parents on this subject. It is sir, almost an invariable custom here for the young by the time they have arrived to ten or twelve years of age, to begin a course of conduct which can but lead them on to worthlessness. As soon as the shadows of the evening begin to appear away they hasten from home. Home indeed has no delights, and either in multitudes engaged in the madning follies attendant on that age, or else by small parties they are patrolling the streets, not like the faithful watchman in preventing disturbance, but rather resembling the powers of darkness, they are destroying your property or disturbing your peace, not only on week-day's evenings, but also on the evenings of the holy sabbath. Youth whose stature bespeaks them men, are not ashamed to be engaged in low bred vices. Or to make short of the subject Mr. E. our streets are a complete Bedlam. You may now be ready to ask to what kind of parents do these youth belong? Why sir, they belong to the Fathers of the place. Here let me entreat all who are parents to look to it that their children are not finally lost through their neglect. By all means, my friends, endeavour to keep them at home. Let them not spend those evenings when they ought to be engaged in improving their minds by their own fireside, in travelling the streets, or in the vanities of youth like many others. And my Dear Friends, if you possess a hope of future happiness yourselves *do* realize, that, without it your children can never be happy. Begin then the all important work and may Joshua's God assist you in having you and your household prepared for his kingdom.

A CAREFUL OBSERVER.

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

During one of the wars in India, Major Gowdie became Tippoo's prisoner, and was confined with many other gentlemen in Bangalore, where they suffered every species of insult, hardship, and barbarity. A humane and beneficent butcher, whose business led him often to the prison, saw and felt for their sufferings, for they had been stripped of their clothes and robbed of their money before they were confined. It would have cost the butcher his ears at least, and perhaps his life, had he discovered any symptoms of pity for the prisoners before his countrymen. They were allowed only one seer of rice, and a pice or half-penny per day, for their subsistence; but the butcher contrived to relieve their necessities. Upon opening the sheeps' heads which they frequently bought of him for food, they were astonished to find pagodas in them. In passing the yard of their prison, he often gave them abusive language, and threw balls of clay or dirt at them, as if to testify his hatred or contempt; but on breaking the balls, they always found that they contained a supply of money for their relief: and this he did frequently for a long time, until the prisoners were released.

In the following war, Major Gowdie was destined to attack Bangalore; and he had not long entered the breach, when he saw and recollected his friend the butcher. He ran with eagerness to embrace him, saved him from the carnage, and led him to a place of safety. The transports of the two generous souls at their meeting gave the most pleasing sensations to all who beheld them; it softened the rage of the soldiers, and made the thirst of blood give way to the soft emotions of humanity.

AFRICAN SYMPATHY.

A poor Negro walking towards Deptford, saw by the road side an old sailor of a different complexion, with but one arm and two wooden legs. The worthy African immediately took three half-pence and a farthing, his little all, from the side pocket of his tattered trowsers, and forced them into the sailor's hand, while he wiped the tears from his eye with the corner of his blue patched jacket, and then walked away quite happy.

FOR THE MONITOR.

THE PROFANE INTERROGATED.

Is profaneness a mark of talents? Many court this distinction, though it should be at the expense of being called wicked. But what evidence of genius does profaneness afford? Do we not find the greatest proficient in this vice among those who can claim no pre-eminence in point of abilities? Did any one ever dream that profaneness was a proof of extensive research in the arts and sciences? Is cursing and swearing polite? If so we should visit the wharf; the stable and the grog-shop to learn politeness. Is it polite unnecessarily to trifle with the feelings of others? But this the profane do whenever they are in the company of those who reverence the name of God. Is profaneness a mark of courage? It is the courage of defiance to God. And that courage which can array itself against a command of Omnipotence given amidst the thunders of Sinai must savour equally of folly and impiety. Does profaneness give evidence of freedom from superstition? A wish to be thought free from the restraints of religion is often connected with this vice. But the same individuals who wish to avoid being thought mindful of religion through reverence for the name of God, are often afraid to see the new moon over their left shoulder, lest it should portend evil. Indeed the profane may be challenged to show in what respects, any man can be more highly *esteemed* for irreverence for God, and imprecations of damnation on men. Motives which respect *this world*, ought therefore to be sufficiently powerful to prevent profaneness. T.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For a young Lady about to be married and whose sister had died the week previous to the time appointed for her own marriage.

ELIZA'S bridal day draws nigh :
And yet that day may never come ;
For, like her sister, she may die,
And sink to an untimely tomb.

Her garments, wrought with curious art,
To grace the anticipated scene,
May to her mourning friends impart
The most acute, exquisite pain.

But cease my Muse ! to chant of woe ;
And strike some pleasing, livelier string :
Far from Eliza, be the blow
Of Death, terrific, ghastly king !

Let days, and years, their circles run ;
And to Eliza each impart,
With every rising, setting sun,
Joys to expand, and fill her heart !

Let her the best of partners be ;
Faithful, affectionate, and kind ;
And let her partner ever see
In her, a calm unruffled mind.

Let all her words, and actions, prove
Her sense correct, of right, and wrong ;
Add fuel to the flames of love ;
And make connubial bands more strong.

Within her house may Jesus dwell !
And build, and keep his altar there !
And may her household humbly kneel
In constant, and in fervent prayer !

Blessings when asked, are not denied ;
When asked aright, with faith and fear ;
Nothing can hinder us but pride ;
Then let us ask, for God will bear.

Be not deceived ! this life will pass
As clouds fly swift, and pass the sun ;
Or as the dew-drops on the grass ;
Or as the rapid rivers run !

O ! let us then our work begin ;
Begin to rest ; and rest in God ;
Forsake the thorny paths of sin,
And walk the straight, and narrow road. P—y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN account of a Bible Class. from an able and valued Correspondent. came too late for insertion in this Number. K. and L. and M. are received. Arrowfoot's pledge needs to be redeemed immediately.